THE DAYSPRING.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US."

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NEW SERIES, VOL. I., No. 5.

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ALFRED AND ELLA.

HERE you see how Alfred Walleck and his sister Ella amused themselves one rainy day, after they had grown tired of reading and of their usual sports. Alfred thought that it would be nice fun to ride in a *drosky*, a picture of which he had lately seen. A drosky is a Russian four-wheeled carriage, with a long, narrow bench on which the driver and passengers ride as on a saddle; when intended for ladies it has a proper seat behind. Alfred wanted a drosky for a lady; and he had to think some time before he saw just how he could make one. At length he hit upon a plan. He took one of the kitchen chairs for a horse, and a large box for a driver's seat, and a small tub for a ladies' seat. These he fastened together; then he spread a table-cloth over the driver's seat, and put a blanket into the ladies' seat. Soon everything was ready, and he and his lady were off on a ride.

For The Dayspring.

TALKS ABOUT INSECTS.

BY WALTER N. EVANS.

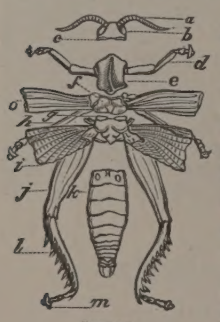
I.

TO me it is a great delight to welcome the return of spring. Winter has its own peculiar joys. Then is the time for books and in-door studies. But spring wooes us once more into the open air, and we are quite ready to yield ourselves to her sweet enchantments. Come, my young friends, let us have a peep together at some parts of this wonderful world of ours, all new-created as it seems. Amid so much that is inviting, it is, perhaps, difficult to choose one particular department of observation. Suppose, as we are all young and inexperienced, we begin with what is small. Let us have a look at some of that numerous class of our "poor relations" called Insects.

We may well call them a *numerous* class. Have you any idea how many different kinds of insects there are known to be in the world? Perhaps you have never thought of this. Have you any idea how many different kinds of animals are known, *exclusive of insects?* No? Then let me tell you that it is estimated there are, perhaps, as many as 30,000. This seems to be a very large number, does it not? But when you learn that the different kinds of insects, all perfectly distinct from each other, are estimated at 200,000, you see I was well advised in calling them a "numerous" class.

Did some one say, "Then don't let us begin, for we never can learn about 200,000 kinds; we can scarcely form any idea of the number, it is so large; and as to knowing about 200,000 different kinds of insects, it is quite impossible"? Don't be alarmed. No such demand shall be made upon you. A little learning, it has been said, is a dangerous thing. We are fairly brave, and will meet the danger, and learn something about this large class of little fellows.

But what is an insect? A very sensible question, and one which we will try to answer at the outset. The word is made up of two Latin words, *in*, meaning "in," and *seco*, "I cut." So that *insectum* means "cut into" or notched; and that is a very good *general* description of an insect. To those who understand Greek and Latin, the long scientific names of things nearly always describe, to some extent, the things to which they are applied; but these long names quite frighten ordinary readers. We do not mean to use them very much in our talk about insects.



INSECT.

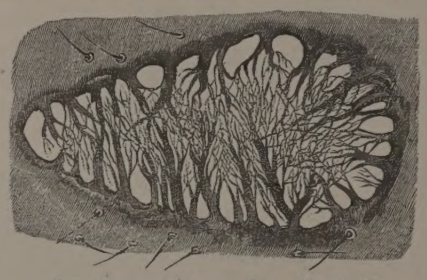
a, antennæ; *b*, eyes; *c* head; *d*, anterior legs or arms; *e*, prothorax; *f*, meso thorax; *g*, meta thorax; *h*, middle or central legs or arms; *i*, central wings; *g*, anterior or first wings; *j*, posterior legs; *k*, abdomen; *l*, tibia; *m*, tarsus.

The body of an insect is divided into three very distinct parts: viz., the head, the chest, and the abdomen. These are again divided, so that in the six-footed insects, such as the bee and the beetle, the entire body consists of seventeen or eighteen segments or rings; of which the head has four, united into one; the chest three, and the abdomen ten or eleven. The head has one pair of antennæ or feelers, a pair of jaws (mandibles), and a pair of secondary jaws (maxillæ) attached to the four rings. And further, we must remember that the head has the organs of sensation; the chest, of locomotion; and the abdomen, of digestion, as well as others of which we may have to speak in due time. And beyond the divisions now described, the true insect, in its perfect state, with few exceptions, has only six legs and one or two pairs of wings; and it breathes through external openings in its body called "spiracles," of which we shall have more to say very soon.

Now having told you what an insect is, let me tell you of something that you have probably been in the habit of calling an insect, but which is not an insect, and why it is not. A spider is not an insect, because it has no antennæ; no division between the head and the chest; does not breathe through spiracles, but by leaf-shaped gills, situated under the body, and has eight legs instead of six. So you see a spider is not an insect.

There are certain things requisite to every living creature to enable it to preserve its life and to do its work. It must *breathe;* its *blood must circulate;* and it must have a *nervous system.*

The great essential to all life is a proper supply of air, by which the blood may be vitalized. In the higher animals the organ that does this particular work is known as the lungs; but the breathing apparatus of insects is very different from this. As already stated, they take in the air through spiracles situated in different parts of the body; though some small water insects have something like gills for this purpose. The spiracle is a hole, sometimes round, sometimes oval, sometimes of other shape, having a horny ring round it fringed with short hairs. They are generally capable of being opened and closed at will. Their number varies, though it is generally nine on each side. Their position varies as much as their number, though they are generally situated between the divisions of the body. In some water beetles and in the flea they are placed in the hinder part of the body. You will sometimes see water beetles with their heads under the water and their tails standing out; and you would expect them to drown, but really this is their way of breathing.

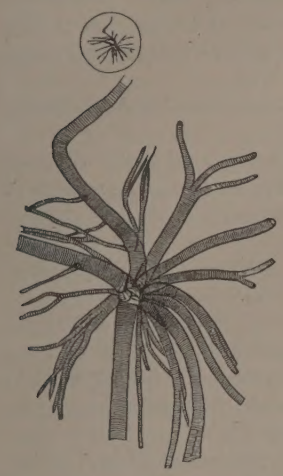


SPIRACLE OF A COMMON FLY. (Magnified.)

The spiracles are connected with a wonderful system of air-tubes called tracheæ, which penetrate nearly every part of the body, thus allowing the air free passage to all parts. These air-tubes are of very remarkable construction, consisting of two thin layers, between which passes a spiral spring, the object of which is evidently to keep the tubes open during the various bendings and pressings to which in the life of the insect they are subject. Thus you see by means of the breathing bores (spiracles), and the air tubes (tracheæ), due preparation has been made for the insect to breathe.

Next, a circulation of blood is required. And equally wonderful and efficient are the means supplied for this purpose. What serves for a heart is usually a long thin tube lying under the skin at the middle of the back (hence called the "dorsal vessel"), and extending nearly the whole length of the body. In this heart are

several chambers, divided off by partitions from side to side; and in each partition is a valve, which only opens in one direction, so that the blood may freely flow from the hinder parts towards the head, but cannot pass in the opposite direction. In many insects the action of the heart can be watched, by aid of the microscope. The pulsations are quicker under fear or excitement than when in the ordinary state; indeed, insects' hearts beat very much as ours do.



TRACHEA OF SILK-WORM.

(The small circle indicates the same about the natural size.)

The blood is usually either a colorless or a yellowish fluid; and it does not circulate in arteries and veins, but is forced through the heart into the head, and thence it makes its way into the body, where it obtains the nutritious juices which filter through the intestines. These it carries to all parts of the body to build up and to repair the wasting tissues. On its way it flows alongside and around the air-tubes, and from them receives the due supply of air, which is the last process required to complete its life-giving powers. With a low power of the microscope I have watched the circulation of the little green Aphis which is sometimes found in such numbers on the rose-tree, and with a good pocket lens I have seen the circulation in the May-fly (Ephemera), by holding it up where the rays of the bright sun could shine through the very transparent body.

Now if you will study the drawing and the description of an insect; then carefully think over its breathing pores, its air-tubes, its heart, and the circulation of its blood; and, better still, if you will examine these things in the life, which is easily done through a microscope of low power, or through a good pocket lens, I think you will find plenty of food for thought during your leisure hours in the next few weeks. Next month I hope to continue my "Talks About Insects," when other organs will be described.

For The Dayspring.

THE BABY UNDER THE SNOW.

BY ALMIRA SEYMOUR.

It was the month of sun and storm,
Wild, threatening clouds and hope-smiles warm;
When sunsets take a richer hue,
The midday zenith deeper blue,
And gray-white mists come with a flaw,
As if the rushing winds we saw,
Then close and crystallize and fall,
And stainless white is over all.

How lovely stood my lilac-tree,
When the glad sun came forth to see!
On branch and twig and graceful spray
The down of Arctic Eiders lay;
A wind-sigh one small branchlet stirred, —
Methought a low, sweet sound was heard;
The snow-down from the spray I shook,
One tiny thyrse reverently took,
Cut gently the frail thing lengthway,
And there the Baby Lilac lay!

Cradled and cushioned soft and warm,
Safe from the cold, rocked by the storm,
Through the stern months the precious thing
Was waiting for the breath of spring;
The Easter voice to burst the tomb,
And summon it to fragrant bloom!

In myriad souls thus hidden lie,
Though hard and hopeless to the eye,
The folded germs of loveliest life,
Unblighted by a wintry strife;
But waiting for some genial ray
To spread their beauties to the day.
Dear children! be it yours and mine
Upon such buried buds to shine
With the sweet influence of spring;
Be this our Easter offering, —
Fairer than snow-down then shall be
Our full-blown, fragrant lilac-tree.

MARCH, 1882.

For The Dayspring.

KITTY'S IDEAS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

"BUT, Kitty, you see your Uncle George is very sorry, and it can't be helped now. It will be a good plan, as he suggests, to think of some other present to send to your sister Isabel."

"But we can never think of anything so nice," said Kitty, still sobbing, "and we don't want to send the same thing, — oh, he ought *not* to have set his valise down so hard!"

Aunt Ellen could not help smiling, though the case was indeed a hard one. Helen and Kitty had sent by Uncle George a Christmas present to their married sister, Isabel, in San Francisco. It was one they had selected themselves in their Aunt Ellen's temporary absence.

Aunt Ellen had come to take care of them, and of their father's household, at the time of their older sister's marriage and departure in the autumn.

If she had been at home when they selected their present, she would have advised them that it was somewhat unsafe to send a *tête-a-tête* set of delicate china in a gentleman's valise, three thousand miles. The children had received thanks from their sister on her receipt of the present, but Uncle George had been

in, just now, on his return to confess that when in San Francisco he took the box out to their sister, on opening it, the china was found all "smashed to atoms."

"Isabel did not want me to say anything about it," he said, "but I knew you would be asking all sorts of questions, and I might as well own up, and pay my share of the damage."

Then he told the children that he was going again to San Francisco, this time by the Aspinwall route, and by the steamer a great part of the way.

"And I will take a large trunk, and put into it anything you want to send. You may make it as heavy as you please, and it shall be delivered perfectly safe. And Aunt Ellen shall decide how much I must pay towards it."

Helen thought if Uncle George was willing to do all this, it would not be fair to make him pay anything; but Kitty was still very indignant, and thought he ought to give them the whole price of the tea-set; and she thought he did n't now see how sad it was, — their tea-set they had chosen all "smashed to atoms!" And then she fell to crying again.

Aunt Ellen advised thinking of something else. "Now you can have the pleasure of thinking of another present. Uncle George promises to take it carefully."

"O Aunt Ellen," said Helen eagerly, "would it do for me to finish my sun-dial and send it? You know we thought it would be too heavy before."

"You can show it to Uncle George," said Aunt Ellen, laughing. "He said you might make your present 'as heavy as you pleased,' and you might take him at his word."

"A very good plan. Time would be a good thing to send to San Francisco," said Roger, who had been looking over an old almanac during this talk. "We are three hours ahead of them in San Francisco."

"I should not want more than three hours to finish my sun-dial in," said Helen, laughing.

"What do you mean, Roger?" asked Kitty.

"Well," said Roger deliberately, looking at the clock, "it is eleven o'clock here now; and, let me see, they are three hours, fourteen minutes, forty-one seconds slower than we; that would make it — only that is calculated from New York. We must add eleven minutes, fifteen seconds' difference between Boston and New York; no matter, Isabel is only just up now, and is perhaps, eating her breakfast off of the bits of the *tête-a-tête* set."

"Oh, don't joke about it," cried Kitty; "but what *do* you mean?"

"Why, the sun does not get to them as soon as it does to us," said Roger, "and it is only just waking them up; while we have had three hours' worth plus twenty-six minutes, thirty-one seconds. I have shovelled the snow from the sidewalks, and Uncle George has made his visit — "

"And Kitty and I have had our French lesson," said Helen.

"Let's do as Roger said," said Kitty, brightening up. "Let's send our extra time to Isabel. What a splendid idea! I do like ideas."

Kitty was famous for having "ideas." It was her "idea" to send the china tea-set to her sister. She thought Helen was the kind to do all the plodding work, while she herself did the thinking.

"But Isabel has just as much time," Helen asserted, "as we do."

"Only you see it don't begin so soon," declared Roger, "I don't know but she has the advantage of it. She don't have to get up so early as we, and she can sit up later."

"Oh, can she?" exclaimed Kitty; "that must be fun. But then grown-ups always do."

"Suppose you do take up this plan," said Aunt Ellen, "and spend this time that Roger thinks we have ahead of Isabel, in something for her. I think it would please her. Helen can finish her sun-dial; and you, Kitty, can think of something."

Helen's sun-dial had been planned and begun by her some time ago. It was a block of stone, on which she had been painting a wreath of flowers, — some four-o'clocks on one side, and over it sunflowers were conspicuous. If it had not been so heavy she would have finished it to send at Christmas-time, because Isabel had written that the sun shone all the time at San Francisco, and there was such a nice place for a sun-dial at the foot of her garden.

"If only Roger could get me some more 'flake-white' to-morrow morning, when he goes to town," said Helen.

"But we ought to begin in the morning, ought n't we," asked Kitty, "even with the sun?"

"That's no consequence," said Roger, in an oracular manner; "afternoon will do as well. If you began at two o'clock, that would be *her* middle of the day hours, from twelve to three, the most useful hours of the day."

"I've thought of something," said Kitty, who had been sitting still half a minute, but who now jumped up, clapping her hands; "and it is a real 'idea,' for it has to do with time, — no it don't, but with the sun, — and it's the same thing, not getting to Isabel so soon."

"Do explain," said Roger; "you are all in a muddle."

"It's having my photograph taken," said Kitty, "and you see that's the sun; you need n't laugh, but you know how I hate to have it taken, because I hate to sit still; and when Isabel wanted me to, when she went away, I would n't and could n't, and made up a face, and wiggled so there could n't be any picture. But I'll spend that time sitting very still, and having a beautiful picture, — you need n't laugh about it."

Aunt Ellen thought it a very good plan; that if Kitty could sit still enough for a picture, it would be as much of a surprise to Isabel and as great pleasure as anything could be.

Roger ridiculed the plan. "How absurd," he exclaimed, "to send a card that you might put in a letter by post, when you have a chance to send a trunk full!

"Helen's present will do for heaviness," Kitty declared; "Uncle George will be satisfied."

The next afternoon was to be devoted to the conservation of "Isabel's time," as Kitty called it. She would go to town by the one o'clock train, and be at the photograph rooms before two.

"It won't take you three hours," Roger still objected.

"That shows you don't know," said Kitty; "you have to wait an hour in the ante-room, and then an hour fussing over how you will sit, and then another hour deciding which you 'll have."

"The trouble will be," said Roger, "you can't get your picture till next week."

"That 's no matter, Uncle George don't go till the middle of the week," said Kitty.

Kitty obtained Aunt Ellen's permission to go into town by herself. She would take the 1.30 train in, and the five-o'clock train back. Not even Roger should accompany her. "He would be sure to make me laugh," Kitty declared, "and this is to be a very solemn picture."

"To be called 'Kitty's idea,'" said Roger.

Kitty did not return by the five-o'clock train, but came hurrying into the house by the next train later, Aunt Ellen receiving her with some anxiety.

"Where have you been?" she exclaimed. "Uncle George went to the photographer's, but did not find you. Did you go to some one else? I have been quite anxious about you."

"Oh, we missed the five-o'clock train," exclaimed Kitty, breathless; "it was Miss Staunton's fault, because she would take the horse-car, and we all had to go round by Cornhill, and there was a block, and we just missed the five-o'clock train."

"But where have you been?" asked Aunt Ellen.

"And who are we *all*," asked Roger, — "Messrs. Notman and Co., Photographers?"

"Oh no, I did n't go," Kitty burst out, almost crying; "I have n't had my photograph taken; I have been to see 'Patience,' at the Museum."

Roger flung himself on the floor in a fit of laughter.

"What do you mean?" asked Aunt Ellen, in a displeased voice.

"They asked me," sobbed out Kitty, "on the way in, in the cars, if I would go to 'Patience' with them, — and I — "

"Who asked you?" asked Aunt Ellen.

"Messrs. Notman and Co.," cried Roger.

"I did n't go there!" said Kitty. "It was the Jarvises, — they were all going, and they asked me to go too."

"But you know, Kitty, that when they asked you the other day I declined for you."

"I know it," sobbed Kitty, "but they had a spare ticket — Cornelia could n't go — and they urged it."

"But you know the reason I refused," said Aunt Ellen, "was because I was to take you with Helen and Roger next week."

"I know it," said Kitty, still sobbing, "but I thought I should like to go *twice*. O Aunt Ellen, tell Roger he must n't laugh so."

"Such a nice plan," exclaimed Roger, trying to stifle his laughter. "She went on Isabel's time; that is one of Kitty's ideas."

"But I thought I could write her about it," said Kitty, "and she would be pleased to hear."

"Then you still thought of her?" asked Aunt Ellen.

But Kitty broke out into fresh tears. "I did n't think of her once after I got there, and you may punish me as much as you please," she exclaimed. "I was very wrong, and you need n't take me again next week."

"You did very wrong," said Aunt Ellen, "and I fear I cannot take you again, and I shall be afraid even to trust you in Boston alone again, but you will find you are already punished, I think. Uncle George came to say that he finds he must go on Monday. Helen had finished her sun-dial, for she began at one o'clock, and worked steadily; and he took her into town by the four-o'clock train, and they stopped for you at the photographer's, because Uncle George wanted you and Helen to help him to choose a tea-set that he is going to carry to Isabel for a present."

"And he did n't find me," cried Kitty, with fresh tears; "and did he buy the tea-set?"

"Yes, he could n't wait," continued Aunt Ellen; "and we were all of us very anxious, when Helen did not meet you coming out at five o'clock."

"And Helen's present will go, and I shall not have any to send;" exclaimed Kitty, with another burst of tears.

"You can send your idea," said Roger.

"Stop, Roger," said Aunt Ellen; "I do believe Kitty is very sorry, and that she will remember another time to keep her promises. For, Kitty, you know you promised me to go directly to the photographer's."

Kitty got into Aunt Ellen's lap. "O Aunt Ellen, I am sorry; I went into town thinking I had such a fine plan, better than Helen's."

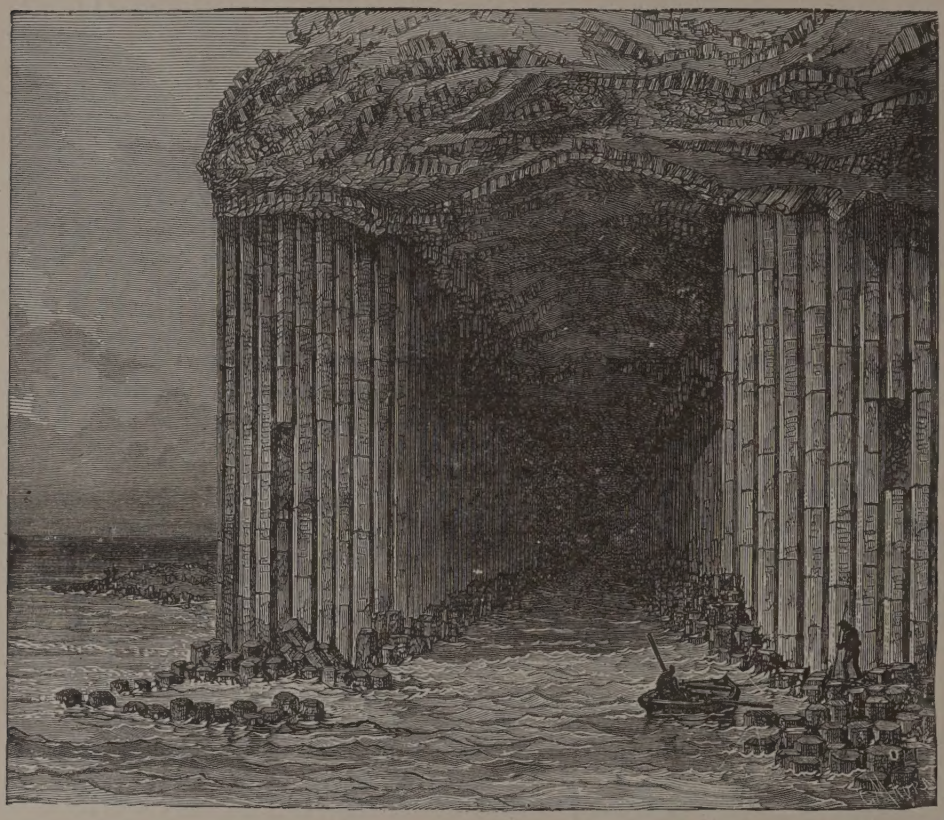
"Suppose you write all about it to Isabel," said Aunt Ellen, "as a picture of a rather naughty Kitty, but one who means to be better."

"And then, Aunt Ellen," said Kitty, still sobbing, "in a few weeks, will you send her a better picture, if I really do well, if Roger won't laugh at me too much, and Uncle George, and if I try not to think too much of my ideas?"

"And to think more of other people's," suggested Aunt Ellen.

We will hope she did.

ALL habits, whether good or bad, have strong charms and great power over us; and although we are strongly inclined to contract selfish, low, mean habits, yet good habits, when once established, have quite as powerful charms as bad ones.



FINGAL'S CAVE.

THE Hebrides, or Western Islands, lie on the west coast of Scotland. They are nearly five hundred in number, and more than one hundred of them are inhabited. Among these islands there is a small, oval-shaped one, about a mile and a half in circumference, called Staffa. It consists, for the most part, of high cliffs formed of basaltic rocks, and varying in height from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty feet.

On the high, rocky coast of this little island there are several caves, the most remarkable of which is Fingal's Cave. This wonderful cavern extends back from the mouth two hundred and twenty-seven feet, its breadth at the entrance is forty-two feet, and at the inner extremity, twenty-two feet. The sides are formed of perpendicular columns of great size, beautifully arranged in varied groups. The roof is formed of the ends of pendent columns, and has a deep fissure extending through the whole length, parallel to the sides of the cave. The sea never leaves this wonderful cavern, there being a depth of eighteen feet of water at low tide. The height of the roof from the mean level of the sea is sixty-six feet, and the cliffs rise thirty feet higher.

The singular resemblance of this sublime work of nature to some temple built by human hands called forth the following lines from Sir Walter Scott: —

"Whereas to shame
the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly
architect,
Nature herself it seem-
ed would raise
A minster to her Mak-
er's praise."

A little to the west of Fingal's Cave is another, called the Boat Cave. It is smaller than Fingal's Cave, but even more symmetrical in its structure. It is fourteen or fifteen feet in height above the water, about twelve feet wide, and one hundred and fifty long.

Another cave on the coast of Staffa is called the Clam Shell Cave. One side of it consists of columns of basalt curved like the ribs of a ship, or like one of the shells from which it takes its name. The other side is formed of the projecting ends of columns, in such a manner as to give it the appearance of a honeycomb.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE SPRING.

BY LOUISE L. BELL.

I MET a dainty maiden,
While walking out to-day, —
Her face was fair and winsome,
Her step was light and gay;

Her hands were full of blossoms, —
Bright crocus, snowdrop sweet;
Some of them had fallen, and
Were lying at her feet.

I said unto this maiden,
"I pray you, tell your name."
Her smile was very friendly,
And yet no answer came.

Just then a jolly robin,
Close by, began to sing,
"You want to know? I'll tell you;
Her name is 'Little Spring.'"

THE pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts; and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

For The Dayspring.

OLD NEW ENGLAND CUSTOMS.

BY REV. ALBERT WALKLEY.

Chapter II.

FTER a long stay at Plymouth we went over to see the good people of Salem, and between it and Boston we spent our time. It is no matter how long we were in these towns; our imaginations will let each of us stay just as long or short a time as we please. As soon as we arrived at Salem we felt the atmosphere to be closer than in Plymouth. The people were more strict; and yet, strange as it may seem, Endicott and the people professed to be true to the Church of England. But when we went to church, or "meeting," as it was called, there was to be found no prayer-book, no surplice (that is, the white robe worn by the ministers of the Church of England), nothing that gave us the least idea that the worshippers were Church-of-England people.

On the Sunday on which we went to meeting in Salem, the service was conducted very much like that at Plymouth. But when we came out of meeting our attention was attracted by a bustle very unusual on Sunday. The constable was reprimanding some folks who did not come into the meeting, but stood at the meeting-house door during service. Now it was against the law to linger "without dores att the meeting-house on the Lord's daies." One of the number was led away by the constable; and when we asked why this was done, we were told that it was the second time he had thus remained out of doors during service. He was put in the stocks, for reads the law: "On a second offence the offender shall be 'sett in the stocks.'" One case particularly attracted our attention. On a block in the meeting-house there stood a man, and on his breast was a paper with these words on it: "An open and obstinate contemner of God's holy ordinance." The reason of this was, that this man had religious ideas which differed from those of the minister; and he had in meeting called out that he did not agree with the doctrines preached by the minister. This he did twice, and there he stood. In this same Salem we might have seen others wearing on their breasts pieces of paper or of cloth, on which were written words or letters. Very often, as we attended worship and saw the strictness of the worshippers, we felt like saying right out in meeting, "O gentle Puritans, ye stern lovers of duty, ye saints of adamant, ye icebergs of purity!" But we did not say it; we only thought it, and kept our thoughts on these subjects to ourselves.

It happened, however, that on one Sunday we heard a man who spoke out his soul. He talked of "soul liberty;" he denounced "the doctrine of persecution for cause of conscience as most evidently and lamentably contrasting to the doctrine of Christ Jesus." He held that men had a right to come to meeting or to remain away; and it was a matter with which the magistrates had no business. We gathered from the talk after these sermons that such doctrines were not approved of. Endicott could not relish such sermons, nor did Winthrop, of Boston, like them. They thought them too outspoken, so they banished the young enthusiast. We learned that his name was Roger Williams, and that he was Welsh by birth, and had been educated at Cambridge, England.

The flag of the colony was the Union-Jack of England; but we noticed that the one in Salem had a large hole in it. We had never seen such a flag before, and we made inquiry about this one. We were told that Endicott had had the cross of St. George cut out, because he thought it a "relic of antichrist," for the pope had given it to England. A Puritan could hate, and with all his might he hated anything Romish. He would have no flag blessed by the pope. He would have no Good Friday, for that was popish; no Christmas, for that was popish.

But he had Thanksgiving Day. We were there one Thanksgiving, and it was as jolly as Puritans could make it. It was a home day. The grandchildren and, if there were any, great-grandchildren, all were expected at grandfather's, with their fathers and mothers, on that day. Of course we all went to meeting and heard a sermon which had more politics in it than religion, — the minister was a thorough politician in those good old days. After service we went home, and while the younger people amused themselves as best they could, the older folks sat round the old fireplace on which blazed a good wood fire. Home was a great idea with the Puritans, so we noticed.

On this day the fathers showed themselves to be English, for they had a good dinner and all seemed to enjoy it. On other days the food was simple enough, — too simple, we thought; for there was more corn meal and bean "porridge" than we thought was good for our health. That health idea was all fancy with us. It had been better for us if we had eaten more "porridge." But then there were beer and cider in plenty, and at times baked beans and boiled beef. On Saturday there was fish, but never on Friday, for that would be popish; since on that day the Roman Catholics ate fish. On Sunday were roast beef and boiled indian pudding. This, of course, was better for our health; we winked when we thought that, for we knew it was not health that troubled us, but the English love of good eating which we had not outgrown.

Next time we shall write about other customs of the fathers. It will be a short chapter.

SELF-DENIAL leads to the most exalted pleasures; and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph.

"IT RAINS."

THE ANNUAL CONTRIBUTION.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society, as in former years, appeals to Unitarian Churches to take a collection for its benefit on the *second Sunday in May.* It is hoped that the response to this appeal will be both general and generous. The Society, always in need of money, is especially in need of it at the present time. It has in course of preparation a valuable series of Sunday-school Manuals. Some of them will soon be ready for publication, and it is hoped that two or three of them will be published by the first of September next. They will be published by that time unless Unitarian parishes fail to contribute the necessary funds.

The Society also needs money to enable it to keep the "Dayspring" up to its present high standard, and still further improve it. We think that it must be evident to all that so good a paper cannot be made self-supporting in so small a denomination as ours, at so low a price as twenty-five cents a year. It must rely in part on the treasury of the Sunday-School Society for its support. How good the paper is to be must depend not only on how many subscribers it has, but on how much money the Sunday-School Society can spare for its publication. We hope that the contributions to its treasury will be so large that it can spare much. Will not our friends see to it that a collection is promptly taken, and that it be made as large as possible?

The "Dayspring" can gradually be made into a book, as it comes to you month by month, by getting a *Common Sense Binder.* One of these Binders, large enough to hold the "Dayspring" for two years, can be obtained at the office of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society for fifty cents.

For The Dayspring.

ENTOMOLOGICAL ALPHABET.

S.

Young reader, didst thou ever see
An insect called the *Scarabee?*
Or *-bæus* — that 's his Latin name;
The creature has a world-wide fame.
Six thousand years ago, or more,
His ancestors life's burden bore;
Before old Father Noah's birth
They pushed their loads along the earth.
They roamed through Adam's glorious park;
They too found refuge in the Ark.
Their Hebrew name is hard to tell,
At least (in English) hard to spell.
The Egyptians worshipped them of old;
Their burnished wings gleamed bright as gold;
The shining coat of mail they wore,
The war-club on their front they bore
(From which defiant weapon came,
Without a doubt, their English name),
In that old superstitious time,
Made these small creatures look sublime.
Men bowed with awe, and gave them place
Among a superhuman race.
Their images decked seals and rings,
And sepulchres of mummied kings.

This is no riddle; what I mean,
The children long ago have seen.
The splendid creature I describe
Is of the well-known Beetle tribe.
The poet says, "What 's in a name?"
This ancient heir of world-wide fame,
Transplanted on this Western shore,
Is just our Tumble-bug — no more.
Shall we, then, echo Hamlet's thought, —
"To what base uses are we brought!"
Nay, let the homely Beetle be
A type of patient industry.
Though lowly seems to us his sphere,
His faithful toil let us revere.
Well might old Egypt have revered
In him a type of toil that reared
The mountainous Pyramids that stand
As warders of the ancient land.
This queer old "Scarabæus sacer"
Is more a plodder than a racer.
Ah, well! he does with zeal and vim
"The duty that lies nearest" him;
And that is more than I or you,
My youthful readers, always do.

C. T. B.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society will publish a new Floral Service, May 10.

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